But ſhe that neuer cop't with *ſtranger eyes*,
Could pick no meaning from their *parling lookes*,
Nor read the ſubtile *shining ſecrecies*
Writ in the glaſſie margents of ſuch *bookes*,
She toucht no vnknowne *baits*, not fear'd no *hookes*,
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight,
More than his *eyes* were opend to the *light*.

He ſtories to her *eares* her *husbands* fame,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull *Italy*:
And decks with praiſes *Colatines* high name,
Made glorious by his manly *chiualry*,
With bruiſed armes and wreaths of victory;
Her *ioy* with heaued-vp hand ſhee doth expreſſe,
And wordleſſe ſo greets *heauen* for his ſucceſſe.

Far from the purpoſe of his comming thither,
He makes *excuſes* for his being there;
No cloudy *show* of ſtormy bluſtring wether
Doth yet in his faire *welkin* once appeare,
Till ſable *night* ſad ſource of dread and feare,
Vpon the *world* dim *darkneſſe* doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty *priſon* ſhuts the day.

For then is *Tarquin* brought vnto his *bed*,
Intending *wearineſſe* with heauy *ſprite*:
For after ſupper long he queſtioned
With modeſt *Lucrece*, and wore out the *night*:
Now *leaden ſlumber* with liues ſtrength doth fight,
And euery one to reſt themſelues betake,
Saue *thecues*, and *cares*, & *troubled minds* that wake.

As one of which doth *Tarquin* lie reuoluing
The ſundry *dangers* of his *wils* obtaining:
Yet euer to obtaine his *will* reſoluing.
Though weake-built *hopes* perſwade him to abſtaining,
Deſpaire to gaine doth traffique oft for *gaining*.

Thoſe that much *couet* are with *gaine* ſo fond,
That *oft* they haue not *that* which they poſſeſſe,
They ſcatter and vnlooſe it from the *bond*,
And ſo by hoping *more* they haue but *leſſe*,
Or gaining more the profit of *exceſſe*,
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch *griefes* ſuſtaine,
That they proue bankrout in this *poore rich gaine*.

The ayme of *all* is but to nurſe the *life*
With *honour*, *wealth* and *eaſe*, in wayning age:
And in this *ayme* there is ſuch *thwarting ſtrife*,
That one for *all*, or *all* for *one* we gage:
As *life* for honor, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for *wealth*, and oft that *wealth* doth coſt
The death of *all*, and all together loſt.

So that in ventring *ill*, we leaue to *be*
The things we *are*, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule *infirmity*,
In hauing *much*, torments vs with defect
Of that we *haue*: ſo then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of *wit*,
Make *ſomething nothing*, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting *Tarquin* make,
Pawning his *honor* to obtaine his *luſt*:
And for himſelfe, himſelfe he muſt forſake:
Then where is *truth*, if there be not *ſelfe-truſt*;
When ſhall he thinke to finde a *ſtranger* iuſt,
When he himſelfe himſelfe confounds, betraies
To ſlanderous *tongues* wreiched hatefull daies?

Now ſtole vpon the *time* the dead of *night*,
When heauy ſleep had clos'd vp mortall *eye*,
No comfortable *ſtarre* did lend his light,
No noiſe but *Owles* and *Wolues* death-boding cries:
Now ſerues the *ſeaſon* that they may ſurprize
The ſilly *Lambs*, pure thoughts are dead and *ſtill*,